
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MAY, 1822.

MRS. COUTTS,
(FORMERLY MISS MELLON.)

IN selecting Mrs. Coutts for the subject of our present Memoir we are fully aware that our choice has no charm of novelty to recommend it to the favor of our readers; but recent circumstances having again drawn the attention of the public to this lady, we trust that a slight sketch of her life will not be uninteresting.

Miss Harriet Mellon was born in the city of Westminster: her father, who was a gentleman in the service of the Hon. East India Company, died some months previous to her birth. About two years after his decease, her mother married again into a respectable family in Lancashire, of the name of Entwisle; and from this period Miss Mellon may date the commencement of her *theatrical* life; for her step-father, Mr. Entwisle, possessing considerable musical talent, was induced to engage as the leader of a band in a provincial theatre. At this time, Miss Mellon experienced the protection of a family of consequence at Halifax in Yorkshire, named Roydes.* To this family she was indebted for many important advantages, and she never ceased to retain the most grateful sense of their kindness. Some circumstances occurring, which caused her mother to remove from that part of the country, Miss Mellon, of course, accompanied

her, and occasionally, as a child, assisted at the theatres where Mr. Entwistle happened to be engaged.

The first regular engagement she entered into was with Mr. Stanton, in whose circuit, where she was the principal ornament, she remained until her removal to Drury-lane. This circumstance took place in the following manner: at Stafford, Miss Mellon was honored with the friendship of Mr. Wright, the banker; with whose sister and daughters she lived in habits of intimacy. The late Mr. Sheridan being then on a visit to the family, during the races, saw her play the characters of Rosalind and the Romp, and was so highly satisfied with her performance, that he was pleased to say, he thought her abilities entitled her to a situation in London. Miss Mellon's Staffordshire friends, who had always exerted themselves most warmly and powerfully for her interest, and whose uniform kindness made a lasting impression on her mind, were, of course, not insensible of the value attached to the opinion of so excellent a judge of acting as Mr. Sheridan; they therefore intimated to him how happy they should feel were Miss Mellon comfortably situated at Drury-lane; upon which Mr. Sheridan immediately engaged her for that theatre; and as she could in no way be separated from her mother, Mr. Entwistle was also provided with a situation in the orchestra.

Miss Mellon made her first appearance on the Drury-lane boards, in the season of 1793-4, in the part of Lydia Languish, in *The Rivals*, and was received by the audience with the warmest applause. The vivacity of her manner was much admired, and the advantages of a pleasing countenance and figure gave it additional effect. From that period, until her connexion with the late Mr. Coutts, she gradually rose in the favor of the public, and ranked among the principal comic supports of the theatre.

During the Summer season, she constantly performed in the principal theatres of the kingdom; at Birmingham, Newcastle, Durham, Plymouth, and Liverpool, (particularly in the last-mentioned place,) she received the most distinguished marks of kindness and approbation.

Under the management of Mr. Wroughton, at Drury-lane, she obtained an engagement for five years, at a very re-

spectable and rising salary; and at the close of the season of 1802-3, her engagement was renewed for three years longer.

Previous to her marriage with the late Mr. Coutts, her connexion with that celebrated banker, we are given to understand, was wholly of a platonic kind. He was so delighted with her personal appearance, and the great talents she displayed in one of her favorite characters, that he sent her a polite message, requesting the privilege of being admitted to her society. At her next benefit, which took place soon after, he sent Miss Mellon a present of *five new guineas* for a couple of tickets: an appropriate gift from one of the first bankers in the world. These glittering memorials the young lady carefully placed in her cabinet, together with Mr. Coutts' very elegant billet, merely as a mark of her respect: little imagining at that time that she was destined one day to become the object of his affections, and the mistress of his immense wealth!

Miss Mellon, if not a perfect beauty, was then, and still is, a very beautiful woman. The more the venerable gentleman saw of her, the greater pleasure he felt in her society; but he had not long honored her with his notice, ere certain envious females, who had in vain endeavored to captivate the heart of the wealthy banker, began to asperse the character of Miss Mellon with the most unfounded calumnies. To relieve her from the insults which her attendance on the green-room exposed her, Mr. Coutts advised her to quit the stage entirely; but acting with a just principle of indemnity, before he withdrew her from her lucrative situation, he conferred on her an ample independency. He purchased the pleasant little villa at the foot of Highgate-Hill, called Holly-Lodge, which was formerly the property of Sir Henry Vane Tempest, and for which Mr. Coutts is said to have given no less a sum than twenty-five thousand pounds; this he presented to Miss Mellon, who took up her residence there accordingly.

Soon after the decease of his much-respected wife, Mr. Coutts, aware of the injury the reputation of his fair *protegée* had received from the hands of the malevolent, and advert-
ing to his own great age, thought it imprudent to delay his extending that efficient protection to her, which he felt it a

duty to confer. Accordingly he led Miss Mellon to the altar, and thus put an end to all misconception as to the real nature of his regard.

In manners and person, Mrs. Coutts is still a fascinating woman. She possesses a masculine understanding, tempered with feminine softness. Her voice is too well known for its melody to require eulogy; she may be said to have attained a high degree of polished elegance; the first gentleman in the empire has pronounced her "a well-bred woman." Her conversation is generally animated, her temper lively, her wit sprightly and brilliant; and at the head of a table, surrounded by the most elegant fashionables, she presides with the most graceful ease and dignity.

Mrs. Coutts was visited by the late lamented Princess Charlotte, and her amiable consort, the Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, and her society has been courted by the first families in the empire.

At Colnaghi's, the well-known print-seller, a gentleman was shown, among other rare collections, a volume of engraved theatrical portraits, which had been lent to the late Mr. Coutts. Opposite to each portrait is written a short biographical sketch; and appended to that of Miss Mellon, after stating her retirement from the stage, in 1815, there is added the following note in Mr. Coutts' own hand-writing:—"When she married Thomas Coutts, Esq. Banker, of the Strand, which proved the greatest blessing of his life, and made him the happiest of men. T. C."

After such a testimonial of merit, it might justly be considered arrogant, if not indecorous, to subjoin any observations of our own; we will therefore simply add, that we sincerely hope she may live to enjoy the immense wealth which has devolved to her, not doubting, that in her hands the stream of charity will still continue to flow, and that unprotected merit will still find a benefactor and a patron.

PRIZE ESSAY.

ON THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TEMPER IN THE FEMALE SEX,
CONSIDERED AS A MORAL AND RELIGIOUS DUTY.

" Good temper is goodness of heart; that general disposition to love and cherish mankind which makes a person consider the whole human race as brethren and sisters, and which certainly breaks forth in graciousness of manner; but is most conspicuous in acts of forbearance."

THE human mind, agitated by a variety of contending passions, is daily, nay, hourly, venting itself in those paroxysms of anger, ebullitions of fretfulness, or fits of sullenness, which we denominate ill-temper; and on the proper regulation of which depend, in a greater degree than is generally imagined, both our temporal and eternal welfare. A due consideration of this subject becomes, therefore, not merely a matter of amusing speculation, but one of the utmost importance, as it tends to affect our nearest and dearest interests, and involves every relative duty which binds us to society; not only contributing towards our own happiness, but also to the comfort of all those who may happen to be connected with us by ties of consanguinity, alliance, amity, or dependance. It may be asserted, that our tempers are constitutional, that they are interwoven in our natures, and that the wisest and best among us cannot be exempt from the influence of their peculiar temperament; but this argument, however it may operate in reconciling us to our own particular failings, is certainly as erroneous as delusive; for we must be sensible that innumerable propensities to evil are inherent in our nature, which we are nevertheless enabled to suppress, if not wholly to overcome, by the powerful aids of reason and religion. Shall it then be said, that the mere effervescence of a heated and distempered imagination, cannot in like manner be subjugated? Undoubtedly it might, if indolence, wilfulness, or inattention, did not operate to give it an undue ascendancy.

Let us now take a comprehensive view of the various forms in which temper displays itself, to the annoyance and distress

of all around us ; classing them under their respective heads, namely, the passionate, the peevish, the sulky, the suspicious, and the malignant ; and then tracing them through their several operations, show how they separately or conjointly tend to render us miserable in ourselves and hateful to others.

The violent effusions of ungoverned rage, which burst forth sometimes upon the most frivolous occasions, distorting and convulsing the whole frame, are scarcely more injurious to those against whom they are directed, than to the unhappy, yet culpable, being, whose want of self-command admits the foul fiend of wrath to usurp the dominion over his reason ; opprobrious epithets, impious execrations, and indiscriminate blows, are too frequently lavished upon the wilful or innocent offender, for which no subsequent concession can make atonement. Rage has, in fact, the most destructive influence upon the understanding ; it blinds the judgment, and stifles for a time even the voice of nature ; is dreadful in a man, but still more odious in a woman : when once the latter submits herself to be swayed by such a maddening impulse, what are the lamentable consequences to be apprehended ? A husband flies in disgust ; a friend is alienated for ever ; a child writhes beneath a chastisement more than adequate to the offence given, and dread and aversion supersede every sentiment of respect, and every feeling of affection ! How poor, how unavailing, is then the plea, " I am sorry, but I could not help it—my temper is naturally warm and hasty ; you know this, and should not provoke me," &c. This palliation, even if it can reconcile the transgressor to herself, (which is much to be questioned) will in nowise repair the mischief that may have been done in a moment of unguarded fury ; and few there are, it may be presumed, who, when the ferment of indignation has subsided, can lay their hand upon their heart and say, " I have not been unjust ; I have not been illiberal ; I have not been cruel ; I have not sinned against God and man." We, however, continually meet with persons, whose station in life gives them respectability, and whose conduct is in other respects irreproachable, who yet suffer the violence of their passions to get the mastery over their understandings, and who by yielding without a struggle to every angry emotion, render their own lives wretched, and become objects of terror to all who are so unfortunate as

to be placed within their reach. We find also that some of those very persons who are so anxious to persuade us, that they only labor under an infirmity of nature, give convincing proof that they can acquire a proper degree of self-command when they choose to exert themselves, by the sudden revolution which is effected in their tone, look, and gesture, should a stranger unexpectedly appear, or, in fact, any other person to whom they owe deference and submission.

But a passionate temper, however painfully its overbearing influence may be felt and deplored in a family, is not the only one which mars domestic felicity: a peevish, discontented, *find-fault* disposition, may prove as offensive both to our Maker and to our associates as the former, and is perhaps more harassing, as it admits fewer intervals of pleasure. It repays benefits with ingratitude, preys upon its own vitals, impairs the constitution, and wearies all around with the impious murmurs of discontent. The very aspect is soured by internal dissatisfaction, and the cup of enjoyment is dashed from every lip, or the draught embittered by ungrateful repinings. This temper is more peculiarly feminine than the former; the delicacy of frame, the weakness of nerve, and the sedentary occupations which usually fall to the lot of females, subject them to it from infancy, from which period through mistaken indulgence, it frequently becomes a confirmed habit. Still, however, a propensity so unamiable may be conquered at any period of life, by the exertion of the mental faculties; and as Christians it is incumbent on all to make such exertion.

Of that immobility of temper which we call sullenness, or obstinacy, little can be said, as it offers fewer molestations to others than either of the preceding. Minds passively vicious, that disdain to acknowledge the justice of correction, that are too proud to believe themselves in the wrong; and which by a desperate effort of unsubdued rancour, determine to persevere in what they cannot justify, are ever sullen. This temper is more irksome than injurious; and the evil most commonly recoils on the possessor.

It remains now to speak of jealousy, and its concomitant, suspicion; passions fatal to the repose of the bosom that harbors them, and oppressive and troublesome to the object upon whom they are exercised; yet this temper is of all

others treated with the most indulgence, escaping censure, as being supposed to emanate from a feeling, which is in itself virtuous, and originating in a sense of real or imagined injury. Nevertheless, by combining the extremes of love and hatred, it may be carried to the most dreadful excess; and if not checked by a powerful sentiment of generosity and forbearance, it will sometimes engender that foul fiend, malignancy, a vile compound of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. It is envy which displays itself in sarcastic sneers, when the praises of another call forth general admiration, and women are most prone to this unworthy feeling; it is an error which the vanity natural to the sex, leads them into; it is the despair of eclipsing a rival beauty, or the mortification of being considered in any respect inferior to a competitor; and though born of humility, it is nursed by pride and pampered by selfishness, till it becomes that monster of hideous deformity, which sickening at the prosperity of others, blights the fair fame of the innocent and happy with its pestilential breath, while kindred neighbors, even those towards whom friendship is outwardly expressed, are equally subjected to its virulence.

Such are the lamentable effects of temper, under all its various modifications; for in one or other of these forms does it find admittance to the bosom of almost every individual; except, indeed, such as by incessant vigilance and Christian-like resolution keep a careful rein on their passions, cautiously restraining those propensities which all occasionally feel to molest the tranquillity of their lives by the indulgence of their own capricious desires, or selfish feelings. In females, the necessity of such restraint is more immediate and imperious, their domestic duties placing them in situations of the highest responsibility. As wives, they have the power to allure men from the haunts of dissipation and vice, by the attraction of a peaceful, well-ordered, and consequently happy, home: as mothers, they may enjoy the satisfaction of beholding a rising progeny look up to them for precept, example, succour, and support. As mistresses of a family, it behoves them to walk circumspectly and discreetly, that they may give no occasion to the ignorant or censorious to blazon their failings abroad; it is for them to soften by kindness and consideration the hardships of servitude, to admonish with tenderness, to re-

prove with mildness. One character, however, still more important than either of these, remains for them to sustain with becoming dignity, and with due humility; and that is that of a pious Christian! From His doctrines whose life was one perfect lesson of meekness and charity, they will best learn their duties, and will find that their truest interest is in the strict performance of those duties; that the indulgence of any passion to excess, is sin; and that "even where strong passions are out of the question, those slight emotions which sour or ruffle the temper, are sufficient by their frequent recurrence to poison all self-enjoyment*." Hence our duty to God, to our fellow-creatures, and to ourselves, requires that we should upon all occasions endeavor to preserve such an equanimity of temper as may enable us to live in peace and good-will with all mankind.

Brighton, Feb. 24th, 1822.

E. T.

ARIOSTO.

THE celebrated poet, Ariosto, was so tenacious of his poetry being repeated with a good accent, that if he heard any one attempt to read it in a manner which did not accord with his own ideas of propriety, he generally flew into the utmost transports of fury. Passing accidentally by a potter's shop, his attention was attracted by hearing the master of it reciting, with gesticulations of delight, indeed, but with a most unfortunate pronunciation, a stanza from his "Orlando Furioso." In an instant, forgetful of every thing but his poetry, he rushed into the shop, seized some of the brittle wares that stood exposed for sale, and alarmed the astonished potter with well-founded fears for his own safety, as well as that of the rest of his merchandize. As soon as he was able to articulate, he entreated to know what the stranger meant by injuring him who had been guilty of no offence towards him. "Of no offence towards me?" ejaculated Ariosto; "I have not done thee half the injury thou hast done me; I have only broken a few pots worth so many pence; but thou hast mangled a stanza of mine worth a mark of gold."

* Blair.

CROYLAND ABBEY ;

A TALE, BY THE AUTHOR OF " MARRIAGE."

(Continued from page 188.)

Its glories are no more. The scythe of Time
And sterner hand of man, have wrought its fall,
And laid its honors in the dust.

EGBERT had long secretly endeavored to attach the vassals of his late brother to himself, and for this purpose, had withdrawn them as much as possible from their former residence. The continual wars in which he had been engaged, and which were characteristic of the times, afforded him ample opportunity of doing this ; their affection thus became estranged from the heir who was, in fact, almost forgotten, or if he was ever remembered, it was only to lament his destination, and to represent him as an effeminate boy ruined by the indulgence of his mother, and her only associates—the monks. The property, therefore, of his nephew was in all respects his own ; he had, however, never molested Tetha in any manner whatever, nor had she the slightest reason to suppose he had any views in his proceedings beyond what natural affection prompted. She seldom saw him, and even perhaps less still frequently desired his society ; but an event at this time occurred, which rendered his appearance at the castle indispensable. Soon after the death of Penwald, a peace had been concluded between Egbert and the King of the East Angles ; which, with slight intermissions, had been never broken. The latter had expressed the utmost detestation of the dishonorable deed which had closed the life of the gallant chieftain, and had in consequence agreed to settle the dispute between them on the most advantageous terms to the Mercians. Having died without children, Harold, his brother, succeeded him, and soon after hostilities again commenced between the parties. The advantage had hitherto been on the side of Egbert ; the manœuvre, therefore, of the enemy in withdrawing his troops, which he did only to invade the territories of Penwald, was perfectly unexpected ; by thus menacing the castle, however, he compelled the other to quit

the position he had chosen, in order to defend his defenceless sister and her child.

On the first alarm, Tetha had committed her Guthlac to the protection of the abbot; and by the advice of Egbert, who had now arrived with his troops, she herself prepared to follow him till all danger should cease. Not, indeed, that she had in reality much to apprehend from Harold, for Egbert had already concerted measures so well as to give him an effectual check; but as his presence, with that of his attendant warriors, would probably be necessary for some time, she dreaded the idea of placing her beloved boy in a situation in which he would be hourly exposed to a danger, which, to her imagination, carried every evil in its train. The resolution of Tetha to quit the castle had been so hastily formed, that the Abbot had not received an intimation of it in time to prevent the departure of a messenger whom he had dispatched to her, according to the order he had received in the morning from her. Guthlac had now been separated from her a week, and hearing that father Oswy was going on business to his mother, he so earnestly implored permission to accompany him, that at length the good man consented to his request, though almost afraid that the fearful mother would blame his compliance.

The entrance from the monastery to the castle was a private and secure one; through this all messengers from the Abbot to Tetha passed, and thus communication with the rest part of the building was avoided. On reaching this gate, however, Oswy found it closely secured; perplexed by the unlooked-for occurrence, he stood for some minutes irresolute whether to proceed to the northern postern, which was near, or to return home; but the circumstance which had given him pain filled the heart of Guthlac with delight, and he vehemently urged the father to go forward. The latter at length consented; he had now to check the bounding step of his youthful companion, the impatient motions of whose hand he found it impossible to obey. At the entrance of the gate stood a centinel, and by his side, at a short distance, a warrior, who viewed them with scrutinizing earnestness. "You enter not these walls, father," said the centinel, gently putting him back, "without first declaring your name, and your business here."

"Oswy," returned the father; "I am come from the neigh-

bouring monastery, and I desire to be conducted to the Lady Tetha." "And the youth?" demanded the centinel.

Oswy hesitated; but his reply was rendered unnecessary by the sudden declaration of the youth himself. "Guthlac!" exclaimed he, firmly. The warrior now viewed him from head to foot, but still spoke not. With modest confidence Guthlac bore his gaze, though deeper blushes glowed on his cheek; unused, however, to control, he was proudly stepping forward, when his passage was again obstructed by the centinel. "Your errand as well your name," rejoined he, "My errand," cried the now indignant boy, his eyes flashing fire, and his whole form dilated with emotion, "is best known to myself; but learn that I am lord here, who then shall dare to oppose my entrance? Is the son of Penwald to ask permission of his father's vassals to enter his own abode?" "Let him pass," cried the warrior advancing towards him, and extending his hand; "noble scion of a noble stock! thou art worthy to be the son of Penwald! but remember, brave boy, that he who would enforce obedience from his inferiors, must himself first learn to submit—to command is but a mean duty compared with that of to obey; and if you would bind others to your interest, you shew them the line they ought to pursue, by making it the rule of your own conduct."

The grave rebuke of the stranger was felt acutely by his youthful auditor, which the other perceiving, immediately altered his tone, and again commended the spirit that he had manifested, though he disapproved of the opportunity he had taken to exert it; and turning to Oswy, he exclaimed, "Have these few years of absence and warfare entirely obliterated Brithmer from your recollection, holy father?" "Brithmer!" repeated the good man, in an accent expressive at once of joy at the recognition, and of pain at some passing recollection which the name presented to his mind, "my dear lord's best, and dearest friend! oh! can I ever forget when last we met!" "My father's friend!" cried Guthlac, grasping the rough hand of the warrior's between both his, the tears starting into his eloquent eyes, "oh! then be mine."

Affected by the earnestness of his manner, Brithmer returned the ardent pressure of the agitated boy. "Most willingly," said he; "I loved your father, and will love you, if your deeds emulate his. May you meet a hap-

pier fate than he did, and may you never deserve it more!" "What do you mean?" hastily rejoined Guthlac; "speak to me but of my father, and I will listen to you for ever!" Oswy made a sign to Brithmer to be silent, and turning to Guthlac he reminded him that the hour was getting late, and that his mother would be displeased at his delay. He then drew the reluctant boy forward, who, as he relinquished his hold of Brithmer's hand, whisperingly entreated him to wait for him. The latter nodded assent, and Guthlac followed Oswy into his mother's apartment.

Fondly did the tender parent fold her beloved boy to her bosom, and in the first moments of her joy she would have thanked the father for the pleasure he had so unexpectedly given her; but a latent fear of danger checked the emotion, and she secretly regretted the compliance which the Abbot had granted, and doubly lamented the mistake which had partly caused it. Tetha had many enquiries to make, and many injunctions and messages to send to the Abbot; particularly as to her own removal. Perceiving her thus deeply engaged, Guthlac ventured to steal from the apartment, and ran hastily towards the spot where he had left Brithmer. The latter was evidently watching for him, and as such he received him with apparent delight. "This looks well," cried he, "I had expected nothing like this from you; but tell me, how have you passed your time? Perhaps report may have deceived me as much in one respect as another." "I cannot talk of myself now," hastily returned Guthlac, "speak to me of my father; tell me all you know of him; reveal to me the meaning of your late expressions respecting his fate, and of Oswy's motion to restrain you—pity me, Brithmer, and hide nothing from me. I have never known the tenderness of a father; oh! let me then feel it in my father's friend." "I will conceal nothing from you," returned Brithmer, "when I have a proper opportunity to converse with you; at present it is impossible; but dare you meet me to-night in the armoury when all are gone to rest?" "Dare!" repeated Guthlac in a tone which assured his delighted observer that no common spirit dictated the repetition of his word; "has Guthlac ever known fear?" "Nay," replied Brithmer, "I am no judge—a monastery is not a fit place to inspire courage, nor the society of women, the noble daring of a man."

"Brithmer!" returned Guthlac, with a voice which faltered as he spoke, "reproach me not with that I have had no power to avoid. I could not have borne that taunt from any one else; but let this suppression of what I feel teach you, that though I have passed my life among women and monks, I have learned sufficient virtue from the one, and self-command from the other, to forgive an unprovoked injury, though a less sacred person than my father's friend had offered it." "Nay, nay," cried Brithmer, still more delighted than he had been before, "I meant not either to offend or hurt—a soldier's words fall like his weapons, sometimes at random, but never with a design to wound a friend." A less concession than this would have disarmed Guthlac; with renewed cordiality he pressed the hand that was extended to him, and with increased animation and earnestness, entreated Brithmer to let him see his father's vassals. "We must be quick then," returned he, "or Oswy will seek you. Many of them are now in the hall; I left them there at supper, and it is probable that they may not yet have dispersed." He moved quickly on. "Stay," cried Guthlac, "perhaps they have the same contemptuous opinion of me as you had," and as he spoke he looked at his dress; "I will not see them at present; a time may come, when they may know that I do not disgrace the blood of Penwald; but till that time arrive, let them remain as ignorant of me as they now are."

"Brave boy," cried Brithmer, "the time is already arrived—noble sentiments are noble deeds, when opportunity alone has been wanting; justice is bound to value the design when adverse fate has forbidden the completion of the act. Yes, Guthlac, with the exultation of a parent I will present you this night to my companions." They now hurried forwards, and in a few moments entered the hall, which was, as Brithmer had anticipated, filled with warriors still seated round the festive board, but so great was the confusion of sounds that prevailed, that for a short time the voice of the chief was unheard. "Cuthbert!" cried he, a second time, in a tone which could not fail to excite attention. All eyes were instantly turned towards him, and the warrior he addressed rose as he approached. "Comrades," continued he, "I bring you one who ought to be as dear to you as he is to me; look at this boy, and see whose noble image is impressed upon his features? Is he not indeed the son of Penwald?"

A burst of applause issued simultaneously from the lips of all present. "This then is his place," said Cuthbert, taking him by the hand, and seating him at the head of the board; "and now let us drink," continued he, filling a horn with sparkling ale, "Long life to the heir of Penwald; and may the glory of the father be forgotten only in that of the son!" "Not so," cried the energetic boy, "let my father's fame live for ever, and let Guthlac's name be recorded only as worthy of the sire that gave him birth. Shame on the son who would seek to cover the memory of his parent with the splendid mantle of his own deeds, and to raise a monument to his own honor at the expense of that which ought to be sacred to him." He paused, covered with confusion, almost afraid that he had said too much: but his words had made an impression, which was visible indeed only in the countenances of those who regarded him, for a momentary silence ensued. "Come then," at length exclaimed Cuthbert, "since our young friend will have it so, we must alter our toast—Long life to Guthlac, and may he never forget in manhood or age the sentiment of youth." This was drunk with enthusiasm. "I thank you, brave men," cried Guthlac, when silence was restored; "I can ill express indeed what I feel, but this I will declare, to live and die among—you," he would have added, but the remembrance of his mother, his tender, anxious mother, flashed over his mind, and checked his words: he bent his head upon his bosom to hide his emotion, but finding the uneasiness of his situation increase, he whispered to Brithmer his apprehension that he should be sought for, and precipitately left the hall to the regret of all assembled in it. Brithmer conducted him to the entrance of his mother's apartments, where, having again desired him to meet him in the armoury at midnight, he left him.

The father was just taking his leave as he appeared; but as it had been previously settled that Guthlac should remain for the evening at the castle, no notice was taken of his absence, and he saw him depart alone with a secret satisfaction, which was not, however, altogether unmixed with a fear that some enquiry might be made, which he should find difficult to evade answering fully.

(To be continued.)

MARIAN MELFORT;**A TALE FOR SPINSTERS.***(Continued from page 203.)*

SEVERAL days elapsed before I received any answer to my letter; but when it did arrive, it contained intelligence which most powerfully affected my feelings, and occasioned a sudden revolution in my fate. These were the distressing words:—

“With the deepest sense of shame and unworthiness I address you, my much-wronged Marian, and now offer as the only palliation of my misconduct, a candid avowal of all the circumstances which led me into a connection, of which even you cannot feel greater abhorrence than I now do myself, not merely because I am at this moment personally a sufferer, but because my eyes are opened to my own ingratitude towards an amiable and unoffending wife, and to the despicable baseness of her whose blandishments and artifices lured me from my duty. When I first mentioned to you the name of Mrs. —, it was with the purest sentiments of respect for her, and with paternal delight in having found a generous protectress for our child. Little did I then imagine, that under the pretence of affection for Rosa, a snare was laid to entangle the honor of her too credulous father. I need not remind you, Marian, that my weak side, a point on which you often sportively rallied me, was vanity; and this failing Mrs. — well knew how to turn to the account she wished. She assailed me with the most delicate flattery, and too soon let me into the secret, that she rather envied than pitied the woman who shared my humble destiny.

“You have seen this woman, and aware as you are of her personal attractions, will, perhaps, scarcely wonder that, grateful for her kindness to my child, fascinated by her beauty, and the disinterested tenderness she expressed, I, for a time, forgot the claims of one to whom I had given my first, and I may now say, my truest affections. Having succeeded in blinding me so far, she became capricious and encroaching, and at length demanded a sacrifice for which I

was scarcely prepared; this was exclusive devotion to herself, which could only be secured by my abandoning you for ever. Will you not despise me when I add, that, captivated as I was by her person and powers of insinuation, I was also sensible of a capacity for enjoying those luxuries which were by her means amply supplied, and which when contrasted with the meagre fare our homely board produced, acquired additional zest. I feel, that in making this acknowledgement, I must inevitably draw upon me your contempt, but I have determined to lay open to you the whole of my folly without reserve.

"Mrs. —, a perfect adept in intrigue, soon grew tired of her conquest; she had attracted the notice of a titled admirer, and I perceived a sudden change in her behaviour. I remonstranced, grew warm; mutual recrimination ensued, and we parted in anger. Still unwilling to sink to the low ebb from which she had for a time raised me, I determined to keep up appearances that no one should suspect the truth of her purse having supplied me with the means of making the figure I had lately done. The consequence of this imprudence fell heavy upon me; I involved myself to a considerable extent, was arrested, and thrown into the prison from which I date this. Rosa is with me; I cannot spare her even to you. I share with her my scanty pittance, and though the pangs of remorse are heightened by my being thus compelled to involve her in my wretchedness, I feel some consolation in the idea of having snatched her from the dreadful precipice upon which my inconsiderate folly had placed her.

"A small ray of comfort is afforded me in my present wretched condition, by knowing that you are placed beyond the reach of want. I cannot ask your forgiveness; I know I have trespassed beyond hope of pardon; but I feel anxious to assure you, that the remembrance of our past affection is still my greatest solace, and that, however faulty my conduct has been, I have never ceased to love and respect you.

"— *County Jail.*

"F. MELFORT."

Silently, and with tearful eyes, I placed this letter in the hands of Mrs. Crawford, and watched every turn of her expressive features as she perused it. When she had finished, she coldly folded it up, and returned it to me without any

comment. I was forced to speak. "Instruct me, dear madam," said I; "what ought I to do? my husband, my child, in a prison. Is it not my duty to share, if I cannot alleviate, their misery?" "It is not for me to judge," she replied gravely; "you have suffered so much already by a misplaced confidence, that you ought to be cautious; unhappily I cannot assist you in this dilemma, for I am bound scrupulously to obey the injunction of your deceased father, and no pecuniary assistance was ever to be extended to him who first alienated you from your duty, and involved you in misfortune. Even now, what pledge have you of his sincerity beyond his own bare assertion? Pause then, I conjure you, ere you relinquish the asylum I can offer, again to meet the vicissitudes to which you must be exposed with him, even should he, in the course of a few months, regain his liberty. Decide not rashly, my dear girl; take till to-morrow to consider it; but recollect, in all circumstances, and at all times, you will find me *your* friend." I did take the prescribed time to consider of it, and my feelings once more getting the better of my judgment, I determined on flying to my husband. Mrs. Crawford heard my decision with unconcealed regret; but she did not use any arguments to dissuade me from it; she merely expressed her fear, that I should repent of my decision, and then liberally supplied me with the means of putting my resolution into practice, and I left her with warm assurances of my most grateful regard. Anxious to promote my comfort and accelerate my wishes, she had insisted on my travelling in a post-chaise, but I was no sooner alone and capable of reflecting, than it occurred to me that by dismissing this expensive vehicle at the first stage, and prosecuting the remainder of my journey in a more humble conveyance, I should be enabled to save a considerable part of the twenty pounds she had pressed into my hands at parting. This I accordingly did, and when I reached D—, I waited at the meanest inn in the place for the arrival of the stage-coach, which passed through that town at five o'clock every evening. Unluckily for me, it proved very rainy, as I had made up my mind to take my place on the outside, and I was completely wet through ere we reached the place of destination.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PORTRAITURES OF MODERN POETS.

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No. V.  
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## MR. WORDSWORTH.

THERE are many writers of the present day whose early productions bore scarcely any indications of genius; but cherished by the hand of time, their subsequent works have become splendid ornaments to the literature of their country; the exact reverse is the case with the subject of this article. Originally Mr. Wordsworth's writings were admired for their simplicity and adherence to nature, and his later works were looked to as refinements upon his earlier peculiarities; but what was the surprise of the reading world to find him gradually adopting a style which none of his readers could understand, and which it is a great question if Mr. Wordsworth himself could explain.

The following lines by him on leaving school will serve to shew how infinitely superior were the works of *Master Wordsworth* to those of *Mr. Wordsworth*:—

## LINES ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

Dear native regions, I foretel  
From what I feel at this farewell,  
That whereso'er my steps may tend,  
And whereso'er my course may end,  
If in that hour a single tie  
Survive of local sympathy,  
My soul will cast the backward view,  
The longing look alone on you:  
Thus when the sun prepar'd for rest  
Hath gain'd the precincts of the west,  
Though his departing radiance fail  
To illuminate the hollow vale,  
A lingering light he fondly throws  
On the dear hills where first he rose.

To us it will ever be an unpleasing task to condemn a writer, especially when he has given proofs of genius that are indubitable; but even the warmest panegyrista of the



lake school must admit the absurdity of Mr. Wordsworth's late productions; they are like nothing that ever was before, and we trust, that ever will be again: boats, waggons, ideots, and jackasses, are the principal characters interspersed through long, unmeaning, and ill-written, ballads, (the term by which he himself distinguishes them). Did we not know that Mr. Wordsworth could write sensibly—nay, we might say admirably, we might be content to let his harmless absurdities sink to the oblivion they deserve; they might float down the puddle of poetic effusions, and we should not attempt to stop their career, nor draw them from the thick mire that surrounds them; but when a man, whose productions have received the approbation of almost all readers, sends forth such garbled absurdities as "The Waggoner," and "The Idiot Boy," we cannot sit quietly in our attical studies, but are compelled to wield the sceptre of criticism. An unknown poet could do no harm by such stupid productions; Mr. W. can. He, among many others, is laboring to produce a false and ridiculous school of poetry—a school which robbed the world of Keats, and may produce further outrages on the genius of the country.

"Were there no receivers, there would be no thieves," says the proverb; and were Mr. W.'s publishers not as infatuated as himself, they would not have given to the world a line of his last three poems; but another reason doubtless actuates those gentlemen: Mr. Wordsworth's name will sell his works, and a bookseller's cupidity becomes thus the vehicle by which his folly is conveyed to the public.

We will now lay a specimen of his present writing before the reader, and we cannot surely select a better subject than "Peter Bell;" though this poem, by the bye, was written twenty years before it was published, but as Mr. W. has been vigorously employed in polishing it during that period\*, we may safely say, he thinks it his most finished production.

A prologue to the poem commences thus—

There's something in a flying horse,  
And something in a huge balloon;

Now this is an axiom no one will have the hardness to deny, and he thus continues—

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\* See his Preface to this poem.

But through the clouds I'll never float,  
 Until I get a little boat,  
 Whose shape is like the crescent moon.

The reader begins to fear that Mr. W. cannot obtain such a boat, or if he can, that he finds an aerial voyage by no means easy; but to set our minds at ease, he proceeds—

And now I have a little boat,  
 In shape a very crescent moon.

He next informs us, that—

The *woods*, my friends, are round you roaring.

We have heard of winds roaring; but, doubtless, Mr. W. is correct. We shall, however, quote no more till we come to what he says of himself—

*The world for my remarks and me  
 Would not a whit the better be.*

We beg leave to give our hearty concurrence in this sentiment. But Mr. W. becomes more amazing—listen, gentle reader—

“Shame on you,” cried my little boat.

Truly a most astonishing boat it is, capable of not only flying in the air, but of talking to Mr. W. in his vernacular tongue. He (*not the boat*) shortly afterwards remarks—

But the world's a sleepy world.

Now we must censure the lake poet here. He should not stigmatize the world for being sleepy, when he himself has given a somnific influence to all his readers;—but enough of the prologue, and now for Peter Bell himself—

A potter, sir, he was by trade.

After enumerating the bad qualities of his hero, he comes to a climax, and exclaims—

A primrose by a river's brim,  
 A *yellow* primrose was to him  
 And it was nothing more!

Amazing! we suppose it would be a *green* or a *blue* one to Mr. Wordsworth. Peter—

Had a dozen wedded wives.

His forehead wrinkled was and *furr'd*,  
 A work, one half of which was done  
 By *thinking* of his *whens* and *hows*,  
 And half, by knitting of his brows  
 Beneath the glowing sun.

Poor Peter is benighted in a place, where—

he is among the trees,

When turning round his head, he sees

*A solitary ass!*

We conceive Mr. W. sitting alone, with a looking-glass behind him, to which he suddenly turned round, when he thought of this admirable picture. Peter having little compunction of conscience, or regard as to "irregular appropriation," declares he will "take the ass his lawful prize." Peter in vain essays to make the ass move, and finding no effects from the force of argument, tries the argument of force—

"What's this," cried Peter, brandishing

A new peel'd sapling white as cream—

*The ass knew well what Peter said.*

A most sensible animal; he will talk soon, we imagine; but no—

All, all is silent—far and near,

Only the ass with motion dull,

Upon the *pivot* of his skull,

*Turns round his long left ear.*

Here is a beautifully descriptive passage. The ass, it will be observed, is not a turbulent animal; he does not kick and plunge when chastised, but contents himself with turning round his long left ear. Now this exasperates Peter, who fairly knocks him down. He (Peter) now sees in a neighboring stream, something which Mr. W. asks his readers if it is "the moon's face," or "a gallows," or "a coffin," or "a shroud?" &c. &c. or,

Is it a party in a parlor,

Cramm'd just as they on earth were cramm'd,

Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,

But as you by their faces see,

*All silent and all damn'd?*

We now have arrived at a reason for versifying. Mr. W. seems to conclude that if he is "silent he will be damn'd" like the "party in the parlor," and, therefore, doubtless writes to escape perdition. However, it proves none of these aforesaid things, but a man who has been drowned in the stream, and of whom Peter justly remarks—

No doubt, no doubt, he is the master

Of this poor miserable ass.



Peter pulls the body out of the water; the ass immediately intimates to Peter a wish that he should mount. He does so, and off they start. On the road he hears something which causes him to be—

*Silent as a silent cricket*

(very silent, we presume it may be; but then whoever saw a silent cricket?)

And while the ass pursues his way

Along this solitary dell,

As *pensively* his steps advance,

The *mosques* and *spires* change countenance,

And look at Peter Bell!

We wonder they did not ask him, which way he was going. Peter and the ass go "thridding on," when a dire event occurs. Here the poet calls up the dark imaginings of his soul, and exclaims—

Let them whose voice can stop the clouds,

Whose cunning eye can see the wind—

Tell to a *curious world* the cause,

While making here a sudden pause,

The ass turn'd round and GRINN'D.

Observe, he does not turn round his *left ear*, but his *head*—he grins—now this is very extraordinary conduct in this "*pensive*" and "*poor miserable ass*;" but Mr. W. goes on and exclaims—

*Appalling process!* I have met

The like on heath—on lonely wood!

There, Mr. W. vouches for the fact; he has seen the *appalling process* of an ass grinning! Spirit of Buffon! arise, and answer for your knowledge of Natural History; say, have you seen such a preparative to cachinnation as is here ascribed to this sober animal? The ass leaves off grinning, probably afraid that Peter would make him laugh the wrong side of his mouth; and Peter passes on and beholds the vision of his sixth wife dying. At length his four-legged companion brings him to the door of his (the ass's) deceased master; where Peter relates the story,—ultimately he brings home the dead body,—and is himself so affected by the adventure, that notwithstanding his extraordinary polygamy and other crimes, he becomes—

A good and honest man.

Such is the tale of Peter Bell, published in the nineteenth

century, and called a poem. Mr. W. affects to be natural and easy in his style; has he ever heard that excellent remark of Rochefoucault's—" *Rien n'empêche tant d'être naturel que le désir de la paraître?*" it is equally applicable to manners and to authorship. Peter Bell is not the only wondrous production of his Muse. We will subjoin a few remarks on The Idiot Boy. Johnny (the hero and the Idiot) has a grandmother, Susan Gale, lying "at death's door," and it becomes necessary—

To bring a doctor from the town,  
Or she will die, old Susan Gale.

Johnny is pitched upon for a messenger, and Betty Foy (our hero's mama, and Susan's daughter) mounts him on a pony, and dispatches him on his errand, with many entreaties not to

—————stop at all,

But—————

Come home again whate'er befall.

Johnny nods assent; Betty observes him go quietly along,

—————Johnny lips they burr

As loud as any mill or near it.

(What an interesting child he must be!) well—

On he goes, *beneath the moon.*

Mr. W. imagined that we might expect the Idiot Boy was "floating through the air," like himself, therefore this information was highly necessary. Peter Bell's ass was a wonderful beast, and of the Idiot's Boy's pony "there's a rumor"—

That should he lose his eyes and ears

And should he live a thousand years

He never will be out of humor.

\* \* \* \* \*

But then he is a horse that *thinks,*

And when he thinks his pace is slack.

The pony, we presume, thinks a great deal, for Johnny is absent till—

The clock is on the stroke of one,

and then out sallies Betty in quest of her boy—

And how she ran, and how she walk'd,

And all that to herself she talk'd,

Would surely be a tedious tale.

We perfectly agree with Mr. W. and rejoice at the omission of it. She goes to the doctor's; Johnny has not been there; she omits to desire this Esculapius to go to old Susan,

but continues her search till she is wearied, and sits down and then says the poet—

Whose you that's near the waterfall,

Sits upright on a feeding horse?

'Tis Johnny, Johnny, as I live!

She flies to her dear boy, who, pleasing child! *burrs* as usual. She then exclaims—

Oh! Johnny, never mind the doctor;

You've done your best, and that is all!

What exquisite feelings had Betty Foy! her mother is at the point of death, and she tenderly exclaims, "Never mind the doctor!" Betty and her son returning home "beneath the moon," meet, extraordinary to relate! "old Susan Gale," restored to a state of convalescence by her anxiety—

And as her mind grew worse and worse,

Her body it grew better.

Who shall after this expatiate against Mr. W.? Buy "The Idiot Boy," and you have "Buchan's Family Medicine," in duodecimo. The simple remedy of coming out in the cold to look for an idiot, is a far better one than any which the skill of a physician could devise. The whole party return very happily. Johnny remarking (listen, for a hero speaks) that—

The cocks did crow, *touchoo, touchoo!*

And the sun did *shine so cold!*

We shall offer no further remarks on this production; let our readers, after the delectable specimens of taste we have produced, judge for themselves.

Mr. Wordsworth is author of another tale, which Lord Byron describes thus—

"A frowsy poem, called The Excursion,

Writ in a manner that is my aversion."

This poem, we confess, we have not read, and what is more, we do not intend to read it; and if the public would agree in our resolution, it would be a very salutary lesson to this gentleman.

The author of *Lacon* says, "If those authors, who cannot put fire in their works, were to put their works in the fire, what a glorious conflagration there would be!" We recommend to Mr. Wordsworth, if he has any more manuscripts by him, in his *new* style, to submit them to that great purifier—the flames; that is, if he has, (and we think he has) a *spark* of ambition to see his writings make a *blaze* in the world,



If, however, "The Lake School of Poetry" is to prevail, at least let Mr. W. and his *coterie* act fairly by brother poets, and give them a chance of attaining eminence in the new way, by publishing a dictionary of what they consider *orthodox* poetical ideas; it might be as well too, if he would favor us with the genders of all inanimate things, and also what articles he conceives possess the faculty of speech, as at present we are quite in the dark on the subject, and though he has shewn us, that a boat converses very ingeniously, yet we do not know whether a wooden spoon, or other timberlike materials, have the same vocality.

We cannot bid adieu to Mr. W. without again reverting to the happier offsprings of his Muse; the following little ballad\* has a great deal of simplicity, nature, and pathos, to recommend it, and with it we bid farewell to the subject of this article.

#### POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood-street, when day-light appears,  
There's a thrush that sings loud; it has sung for three years;  
Poor Susan has passed by the spot and has heard,  
In the silence of morning, the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment! what ails her? She sees  
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees,  
Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury glide,  
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,  
Down which she so often has tripp'd with her pail,  
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,  
The *one* only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heav'n; but they fade,  
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;  
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,  
And the colors have all past away from her eyes.

Mr. W. has very recently published "Ecclesiastical Sketches," a collection of sonnets "upon certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our country," which are worse than his other absurdities, inasmuch as they are full of sombre stupidities, and prosing versifications of ridiculous and incongruous conceptions.

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\* We must also beg to mention the very beautiful poem, entitled, "We are Seven."—Ed.

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**THE LOST FALCON.**

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TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

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IN one of those beautifully romantic spots, so often met with in the Hartz Mountains, at the sight of which, the ancient days of chivalry and romance, with all their dark terrors and knightly achievements, rush so powerfully on the mind, stood the lordly castle of Count Rudolph von Swartzburg. It hung frowning over the brink of an inaccessible precipice, surrounded by misshaped piles of dark granite, which seemed to rear their craggy heads, tufted with matted clusters of gloomy pine, beech, and oak, as if in defiance of the huge mass of towers which weak man had dared to raise as rivals in their own awful solitudes. The Count had for some time entertained, with all that generosity and hospitality so well according with the chivalric notions of those days, a cousin of his, Count Albrecht von Sinnern. This gay and high-minded youth was passionately fond of the chase, and scarcely a day elapsed, without himself and his cousin passing the greater portion of it in hawking in the vicinity of the castle; the country, by its deep, woody recesses and hilly situation, being particularly adapted for this noble pastime. Albrecht had a favorite falcon, which engrossed so great a part of his affection that he seldom or ever lost sight of him, and after a day's sport, with many endearments, he reluctantly resigned him to the care of the falconer. It actually appeared as if the little creature understood the gestures of his fond master, and endeavored to repay, as well as to deserve, his kindness by his superior dexterity in pursuit of game. Unluckily, this bird, through the carelessness of the falconer, disappeared one morning. Distracted by the loss, Albrecht searched, though ineffectually, every spot in the neighborhood, and would gladly have sacrificed all his remaining hawks and hounds to have once more obtained possession of his lost favorite. One day, after having spent many hours in fruitless search of this remarkably beautiful creature, Rudolph and himself, enticed by the fallacious hope of succeeding in their pursuit, became

more and more entangled in the lone haunts of the mountains. Rudolph reminded him how very unsafe it was to await the approach of night in so wild and dangerous a spot; but so intent was he on the object of his wanderings, that he entreated Rudolph to return to a hut hard by, and there await his arrival. At such a time, and situated as they then were, it would have been madness to have left his friend alone, so they continued to proceed together. "Do you not hear," cried Albrecht, as the sun's last rays were fading slowly from the summits of the distant hills, "there he is?" The sound really appeared to proceed from the bells of a falcon; and Albrecht thinking himself already in possession of his favorite, began to entice him by the kindest expressions: but in vain; the sound seemed to recede as they approached, and to mock all their endeavors to reach the spot from whence it arose. Like a chamois, Albrecht climbed the most pathless hills, and it was with great difficulty that Rudolph could follow him. They soon attained the summit of such a one that it was found utterly impossible to advance, and, unluckily, equally so to recede. "Good God!" exclaimed Albrecht, looking over the sides of a steep and perpendicular cliff, "is it possible that this can be the way we ascended?" Rudolph was amazed; but it could not have been otherwise, as not the least vestige of any other path was visible. To return was out of their power, as the first step towards a retreat, would have been the last on this side of the grave. As evening began to spread her shadowy veil over the surrounding scenery, their situation became more lone, and to add to the horror of the scene, they distinctly heard the wolves prowling in the vicinity for their prey. It may easily be imagined, that they lost no time in searching for an outlet; but this proved ineffectual. The broad cliff on which they stood, appeared to them totally separated from the neighboring hills; and they began to suspect, that they had arrived there through the agency of some mischievous demon, the peasantry in the environs strongly affirming the reality of such supernatural occurrences. It must be owned, that the thoughts of remaining the whole night in such a dangerous spot, and seeing no hope of the morning bringing any alleviation to their sufferings, was not very consoling. Strange it as was, even in this terrible situation,



Albrecht did not forget his falcon; but often expressed his ardent desire of having him once more in his power. The night grew darker and darker, when suddenly they thought they perceived a light at a short distance; they were not mistaken in their conjectures, and their astonishment passed all bounds on its approaching still nearer, as if by a regular pathway: at last they heard footsteps close at hand. The most beautiful figure had perhaps never afforded more real pleasure to the two young friends than the hideous features of the deformed lantern-carrier did at the present moment, while she, on her part, appeared much surprised to find them there. "Well, my good old dame," exclaimed they, "how did you manage to ascend this rugged rock?" "I might with more propriety ask you that question," replied she, "I am at home in these wilds, but you do not seem much accustomed to such rough lodgings." "And where live you?" they further enquired. "In a hut not far from hence." "In a hut, and to whence a path from this leads?" "Certainly," answered the old woman; "so if you fear to pass the night here, follow me." Such an offer, and at such a time, could not be refused. "I will light on before," said she; "now turn neither to the right nor left, but tread in my footsteps." They followed the lantern according to her directions. Though not quite even, the way was tolerably passable, and they were rather surprised that they had not before discovered it. It was true, the branches of the trees tended much to conceal it from casual observance, and they often found some inconvenience in wading through the wide-spreading boughs that crossed their path. All this could not efface the thoughts of his main object from Albrecht's mind. "Have you perchance seen a stray falcon hereabouts, my good dame?" said he. "Yes," replied our conductress; "was he not very large, with ash-grey wings and dark spots?" "Right!" exclaimed Albrecht, overjoyed; "Oh! if that creature could be mine again!" "Who knows what may happen?" said she; "the whole of yesterday we heard the sound of his bells in our neighborhood; once or twice he flew close by the hut; my daughter, who was struck with his beauty, attempted to lure him in, but he refused the proffered bait, and soaring majestically aloft, was soon lost to our feeble sight; but, perhaps, she may have been more lucky to day." "Wo-

man!" cried Albrecht, "you might ask much for that bird." "My wishes," she replied attempting a smile, "know no very great extent; you must make your terms with my daughter."

The way proceeded now without any material change, over craggy steeps, into the most precipitate dells, and again up the sides of the most stupendous heights. At length overcome with fatigue, they stopped to gather a little breath. "Pray, what do you call far, if this is not so?" exclaimed Rudolph. "What! tired already, good gentleman?—well, only a few steps further, and you may rest yourselves; close under that hill lies my cottage." The hill exhausted their remaining strength; but upon seeing a flame ascend from a grotto by the side of the hut, they renewed their efforts, and arrived at last sinking from excessive exertion.

"That is my daughter," said their conductress, pointing to a young female who proceeded from the mouth of the grotto. "How long you have stayed this time," exclaimed the girl; "I have expected you this hour." "As an excuse for my absence, I have brought two guests, who were too unaccustomed with the path to follow me at my ordinary pace." Albrecht and Rudolph were struck with astonishment at the brilliant beauty of the daughter; they had thought such serenity of countenance, regularity of features, and symmetry of figure, could alone have proceeded from the chissel of the Grecian sculptor, and could scarcely believe their eyes when they beheld a human being, arrayed in dazzling white, standing before them, in the midst of such a wild solitude, in all the beauty of a goddess. She appeared to them adorned for the altar, and awaiting the arrival of her bridegroom to lead her thither. The fashion of her dress also differed widely from the neighboring customs. While Rudolph was trying in vain to find a single point or feature about this wonderful being, that could at all authorise the idea of so close a relationship as existed between her heavenly figure and the deformed, dirty, old hag that gave herself out as her mother, Albrecht stood transfixed before her; for the first time since his departure, he seemed to have quite forgotten his falcon. The blissful beam of her dark eye had totally bewildered his senses; unwittingly he spread his open arms towards her; she advanced a step, and her bashful downcast eye soon completed what its tender glance had begun.

"Christallina," said the old woman, who had observed all that had just passed with seeming pleasure, "the falcon we saw yesterday belongs to this gentleman; perhaps you have succeeded in making him a prisoner to-day." "Yes," returned she, "but not to give him up so soon again. You would not," addressing Albrecht, "give me all I require for him." "All," exclaimed Albrecht, "but most willingly myself, and all I possess." "Your riches, sweet stranger, have no charms for me; it is yourself I ask, yourself alone, and for ever!" Rudolph was terrified by the earnestness of her words, particularly when he saw the deep impression they made upon Albrecht. "Thine I will be, and for ever!" exclaimed he, as he clasped Christallina in his arms, and held her to his bosom, as if willing she should remain there to eternity. His friend was much struck by the singularity of the whole proceeding; to give himself up to an unknown and highly mysterious being, was a madness that only those who were present and beheld her superhuman beauty, could at all excuse, and nothing, indeed, but that beauty could have justified in the least the precipitate step he had taken. It would have been useless to remonstrate at such a moment, and his friend hoped to be better able to enforce his advice in the morning, when the first wild burst of passion should have subsided. For this reason he did not touch on the subject when they retired to the room allotted for their night's rest.

(To be continued.)

#### CURIOUS EXTRACT FROM A WILL.

EDMUND WITHPOOL, in his will (about the year 1610) expresses himself as follows:—"I leave to my wife, Elizabeth, for her dower, all my lands in Walthamstow and Leyton, during her life, which is within little of two hundred mark by the year; trusting, (yea as I may say, assuring myself) that she will marry no man for fear to meet with so evil a husband as I have been!"

LYSON'S ENVIRONS, vol. iv. p. 219.



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**REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.**

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**THE FAVORITE OF NATURE; a Tale.** 3 vols. 12mo. Whittaker. 1821.

NOVELS in general are confessedly either uninteresting and tiresome, or prophane and pernicious. The perusal of the task imposed upon the public under the denomination of pretended literary publications, frequently leaves the mind both uninformed and dissatisfied; and what is yet worse, too often amuses only to corrupt and to destroy. "The Favorite of Nature" is, however, one of those estimable exceptions which the friends of literature and virtue must ever appreciate.

Eliza Rivers, an accomplished, a noble-minded, and amiable girl, is the chief object of interest; her fortunes and her sufferings, together with the impositions and cruelties of Waldegrave, her professed admirer, most forcibly arrest the attention and affect the heart. Miss Rivers, having lost all her near relations, was received into the hospitable abode of the Rector of Fairfield, Mr. Henly, her guardian, by whom she was treated with paternal affection, tenderness, and care. Soon after, a visitor appeared in the person of Sir George Melmoth, who though possessing the good qualities of ingenuousness and good temper, yet having little claim to polite accomplishment, or the refined literature of the day, did not particularly attract the regard of Eliza; but Waldegrave, the friend of Sir George, shortly after making his appearance, gained the attention of the unfortunate Eliza, who, notwithstanding repeated cautions from others relative to the fickleness of Waldegrave's disposition and professions, slights the attachment of a respectable and worthy young clergyman, and yields her affections to the accomplished pretended admirer and friend, to whose cruelty she falls a hapless victim.

Waldegrave deserts the fair and interesting object of his professed regard, and marries Miss Brooke, a young lady of considerable fortune, while the inconsolable Eliza is left to bewail the specious arts of the deceiver, and to languish in

sorrow, lamenting the effects of misplaced confidence in opposition to timely and disinterested counsel. The termination of her short, unenviable life, is thus pathetically described by Louisa, the sympathetic witness of the sad and melancholy, but instructive scene.

"She continued during the night gradually sinking, but as gently as an infant falls asleep. The sun began to rise, and was already glancing its beams upon the window; I looked from it upon the glorious object. Never was seen a more enchanting morning! The early birds were flying about and singing upon every bush and tree, as if they did not know how to contain themselves for joy.

"I sighed as I remembered my poor Eliza's desire to depart under the cheering influence of daylight. Alas! her wishes were upon the eve of accomplishment.

"I returned to my station by her bedside; my father sat on the other side, watching her with anxious solicitude.

"She appeared to have fallen into a slumber—but suddenly she pronounced my name.

"I bent my head close to her's, the better to distinguish her accents now but faint and low.

"'See how bright a day!' said she; 'let me look at it.' I undrew the curtains of her bed and of the window, and raised her in my arms.

"She turned her dying eyes upon the light of heaven, and then on me. I pressed her hand to my lips; it was wet with my tears.

"'Oh, Louisa!' said she, 'my guide—my tender friend—God for ever bless you!—and you, good sir!' and she clasped with fervor my poor father's hand, who was affected in a degree I had never seen him before.

"'God bless you both!' she again repeated—and sinking on my bosom, she heaved a deep sigh—another—and she was gone!"

The tale is particularly simple and interesting; perfectly consistent with correct taste and sterling virtue; and calculated judiciously to instruct the understanding, pathetically to impress the heart, and seasonably to chasten and improve the character.

LADY JANE GREY, and her Times. By George Howard, Esq. 8vo. Sherwood, Neely, and Jones. 1822.

"In the present age of historical research," says the author in his preface, "and of recorded usurpation, no apology seems necessary for bringing before the public the various events connected with the brief, but eventful, life of an *innocent usurper*, the victim of parental ambition, and a sacrifice to filial obedience."

Impressed with the propriety of the above remark, we cannot but approve of an undertaking like the present, which agreeably to the author's professions, certainly appears to be executed in "strict fidelity, and adherence to truth." Though some of the circumstances mentioned in this volume, are confessedly familiar with the generality of readers, yet as comprehending a period replete with much of high interest to the antiquary, to the philosopher, to the man of taste, and to the Christian," we presume that the work will be universally acceptable. The author has judiciously combined the advantages of history and biography: his subject "taking up that most important period in the history of our country—the Reformation, in addition to the picture it draws of youthful excellence, humility, and piety, and that too in the highest ranks of society—a picture which may operate both as an apology and example for those in more splendid stations,—as a lesson of liberality, and an excitement to emulation, in the more humble and retired walks of life."

But while the present work is justly entitled to the approbation of society, it will assuredly interest the attention and share the esteem of our fair readers in no ordinary degree. The amiable Lady Jane Grey, so distinguished by her virtues and accomplishments, yet so undeservedly devoted to suffering, can never be remembered but with emotions of sympathy, while the barbarity and injustice of her murderers will always be regarded with disgust and horror. The biographical sketch of her unenviable life is necessarily interwoven with the eventful occurrences of the *twelve* years subsequent to the death of Henry VIII. Various ancient documents are presented to the reader which may be deemed particularly interesting. The gloomy and fatal reign of the bigoted, ferocious, and intolerant Mary, to whose merciless



revenge the innocent victim, Lady Jane, was sacrificed; is therefore noticed; and such facts are detailed as furnish a valuable addition to the historic records of the country hitherto published.

We are sorry that our limits will not admit of extracts; but we must solicit the attention of our readers to the work itself in order to form an adequate idea of its merits.

**THE RENEGADE;** translated from the French of M. Le Vicomte d'Arlingcourt. 2 vols. Robins.

The success which this novel has experienced in France has been truly astonishing; it is now translated into English, and we doubt not will become equally a favorite with the fair readers of this kingdom. The story is pathetic and very interesting; written eloquently and with much animation. It is styled a romance, and as such is certainly one of the best which France has produced.

Ezilda's reasoning with Agobar on religious subjects, is excellent. The scenery is descriptive, and portrayed in a grand and beautiful style. On the whole, we recommend the work with confidence, and are persuaded that it will be read with pleasure and admiration.

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#### REVIEW, BY JAMES SMITH, Esq.

(Concluded from page 221.)

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**A NEW SYSTEM OF DOMESTIC COOKERY,** formed upon principles of Economy, and adapted to the Use of private Families. By a Lady. A new edition, corrected. London, printed for John Murray, Fleet-street; J. Harding, St. James's-street; and A. Constable and Co. Edinburgh.

"To take off the wing, put your fork into the small end of the pinion, and press it close to the body; then put in the knife at *d*, and divide the joint, taking it down in the direction *d, e*. Nothing but practice will enable people to hit the joint exactly at the first trial."

The clear meaning of this remark is, that, if you are perfected by practice, you will hit the joint exactly at the first trial, though you never tried before.

"When the leg and wing of one side are done, go on to the other; but it is not often necessary to cut up the whole goose, unless the company be very large. There are two side-bones by the wing, which may be cut off, as likewise the the back and lower side-bones; but the best pieces are the breast and the thighs after being divided from the drumsticks."

"Hare.—The best way of cutting it up is, to put the point of the knife under the shoulder at *a*, in the figure opposite the next page, and so cut all the way down to the rump, on the side of the back-bone, in the line *a, b*. Do the same on the other side, so that the whole hare will be divided into three parts. Cut the back part into four, which, with the legs, is the part most esteemed. The shoulders must be cut off in a circular line, as *c, d, a*; lay the pieces neatly on the dish as you cut them, and then help the company, giving some gravy and pudding to every person." The impartiality of this hospitable lady in giving pudding to every person whether they like it or like it not, is truly amiable, and of a piece with that species of boarding-school benevolence, which places pudding as a grace before meat, and obliges the young student to wade through a slough of rice or suet before he can revel in the joys of beef or mutton. "This way can only be practised when the hare is young; if old, don't divide it down, which will require a strong arm," [a sly hint at the weakness of her readers,] "but put the knife between the leg and the back, and give it a little turn inwards at the joint, which you must endeavor to hit, and not to break by force. When both legs are taken off, there is a *fine collop* on each side of the back;" [we all love a slice from poor puss; this is, indeed, the hare with many friends!] "then divide the back into as many pieces as you please, and take off the shoulders, which are by many preferred; and are called the sportman's pieces." A hint from Horace, viz.—

*Sapiens sectabilur ar-mos.*

By which we learn that *sapiens* is Latin for a sportsman. "When every one is helped, cut off the head," [and take it to yourself;] "put your knife between the upper and lower jaw, and divide them, which will enable you to lay the upper flat on your plate; then put the point of the knife into the centre, and cut the head in two. The ears and brains may

be helped then to those who like them." By the way, the same individual has seldom a penchant for *both*. Our noble patronizers of the Italian Opera have nice ears, and no brains; and many a sinister limb of the law has a plentiful stock of brains, and no ears.

Here is a body of rules scientifically laid down, like the figure of a country-dance, by right and left, leading outsides, and galloping down the middle, by the study of which the enlightened reader, when a goose or hare is before him,

"May *carve* it like a dish for the gods,  
Not hew it like a carcase for the hounds."

It is to be feared, however, that this to many readers is all algebra, without the aid of the dotted engravings, which, by the way, are so badly executed, that it may be safely said, never were such good dinners served up on such indifferent *plates*. To those, however, who do comprehend them, the utility of the above extracts is too obvious to render any apology necessary; and would to propriety that certain ladies and gentlemen would take their degrees in this culinary college, ere they pretend to *carve* for themselves! Can none remember, yes, I know all must, some one of his acquaintance, whose zeal to do the honors of the table is as intense as that of a missionary to visit the coast of Africa, and who is about as well skilled in the science he professes to teach? Give such a man the hundred hands of Briareus, and he would gladly dissect a whole city feast at a single sitting. With a generosity peculiar to himself, he dispenses the gravy over the faces and waistcoats of his fellow guests, leaving the poor goose or duck as dry as a Scotch metaphysical essay. When a man of this stamp thrusts his fork into the breast of a woodcock, the company present express as much alarm as if the bird were alive. "Let no such man be trusted." What a fine subject for a didactic poem is *carving*! What is Mr. Godwin about? It is well known he addresses his writs to the late sheriff of London, who, upon such an occasion, would doubtless usher the bantling to light. It is true, the worthy knight eats no meat himself, since he eat up the heifer; but is that a reason why he should be unmindful of those that do? But as humanity is the brightest jewel in a lady's tiara, it grieves me to be obliged to reprehend, in the most unqualified terms,



the following receipt to make hare-soup, page 104:—"Take an old hare that is good for nothing else, cut it into pieces," &c. Fie, madam! are these your fine feelings? Sterne, who wept over a dead jackass, like any sandman, would never have forgiven you. Mr. Southey, mounted on old Poulter's mare, will *vilipend* you through a whole Thalaba. Is this your respect for age? Suppose some giant of the Monk Lewis breed, having a penchant for human flesh, were to seize you in his paws, and utter this culinary dictum:—"Take an *old woman* that is good for nothing else, cut her into pieces," &c. Gentle lady, would you like to be served so yourself?

"Order is Heaven's first law," quoth the poet of reason; and as good eating is a heaven on earth to so many respectable natives of London, it can excite no surprise that our dictatrix from the pantry has prefixed to her work an ample and well-arranged table of contents, dividing her subject into thirteen parts, embracing every dainty that can tickle the human palate. She commences with the scaly tenants of the flood, and ends with receipts to prevent hay from firing, to wash old deeds, to preserve a head of hair, and to dye gloves to look like York tan, or Limerick. What an excursive fancy are some ladies blessed with! A limb of the law might call the latter part of this division *travelling out of the record*, but surely without due consideration. *Tempus edax seram*, is a precept old as the hills. Now as it is well known that the old gentleman will now and then nibble a lady's glove, "then her flowing hair," or gnaw the title-deeds of her husband's estate, why should not his food be treated of as well as ours? Nor let any carping critic condemn her dissertation on home-brewery and sauces, as too prolix. The evils that spring from inattention to these articles are more numerous than the woes that sprang from the wrath of the son of Peleus. I will not repeat the well-known catastrophe of Salt-Hill; Death, in that case, was a welcome visitor to snatch eight unfortunate gentlemen from the calamity of an ill-cooked repast. But I will put it to the recollection of the majority of my readers, whether they are not in the habit of dining with some individual, whom nature seems to have manufactured without a palate. If you ask the footman of such an unhappy being for bread,

you receive something possessing the consistence of a stone. His turbot has all the dignity of age; his Port-wine all the fire of youth. With an anxious fore-finger and a disappointed thumb, you turn up his fish-cruets one by one, and find they resemble the pitchers of the Belides. His Champagne is a copartnership of tar-water and treacle, and his lobster-sauce is so alarmingly congealed as to be fitter for Salmon's wax-work than for salmon! These, these are the trials of human fortitude! Talk of Job scolded by his wife, or Cato pent up in Utica—psha! How different the taste and the establishment of the renowned Decius! He is an assiduous frequenter of the tabernacle, where he ponders on the joys to come—when the dinner-hour arrives. His thoughts are revolving, not on the new birth, but on the new spit, which kindly roasts his venison without wounding it. If the afternoon service happen to extend beyond the usual period, then may Decius be seen to issue from his pew, like the lioness from her den. Not having the fear of repletion before his eyes, but moved and instigated by an over-roasted haunch, he darts through the aisle, and knocks down the intervening babes of grace, like so many piping nine-pins.

Such is the laudable zeal of a man whose ruling passion floats in a tureen of mock turtle; and yet, so unsatisfactory are all sublunary enjoyments, it may sometimes be doubted whether the rearing of such costly pyramids of food be worth the founder's trouble. Goldsmith somewhere expresses a strong objection to two thousand pounds a-year, because they will not procure a man two appetites; and another starveling son of the Muses, in his fable of the Court of Death, seems to insinuate that intemperance may injure the constitution. Certain it is that three deadly foes to the disciple of Epicurus, entitled, plethora, apoplexy, and bilious gout, are often found to lie *perdu* beneath a masked cookery of French paste, and crossing the course of the voluptuary like the wierd sisters in the path of the benighted Thane, so annoy him even while seated on that throne of human felicity, a tavern chair, as to make it a moot point whether it was worth his while to wade through the blood of so many animals to attain it.

Mark what Alixis, a Greek poet, says:—

Oh! that nature

Might quit us of this overbearing burthen,

This tyrant god, the belly! Take that from us,  
 With all its bestial appetites, and man,  
 Exonerated man, shall be all soul!

A truce, however, to these unpalatable reflections, and let us revert to more agreeable topics. The due arrangement of a dinner-table is not so easy a matter as some folks imagine. Every one recollects the anecdote of the Gray's-Inn student, who entertained his guests, consisting of two pining old maids and a bilious nabob, with boiled tripe at the top, boiled tripe at the bottom, and a round of beef, garnished with parsnips, in the centre. Any man possessed of money may give a dinner, but to give a proper one requires both taste and fancy; and, as those two ingredients are not always discernible in the *tout ensemble* of a son of Plutus, our authoress has kindly supplied their place, by inventing a scale of dinners suited to all pockets; loading the stomachs of her readers, as Locket clogged the ankles of his customers with fetters of all prices, from one guinea to ten. An abridgment of this part of the work could only have the effect of lopping off its merits; I shall content myself, therefore, with touching the two extremes; extracting, in the first place, that sort of plain family dinner which a man produces when he means to treat you like a *friend*, though, alas! it has more the appearance of treating you like an *enemy*; and in the next place, I shall lay before my readers a collection of good things, which might compose a Lord Mayor's feast, worthy to be given by the late to the present incumbent.

#### FIVE DISHES.

Knuckle of veal stewed with rice.  
 Apple sauce. Bread-and-butter pudding. Potatoes.  
 Loin of pork roasted.

A very indifferent repast at all events; but take heed to the roasting of your pork; for Tom Browne, of facetious memory, made a dinner for the devil, in which he gave him under-done pork for his top dish.

#### LONG TABLE ONCE COVERED.

Fruit tart. Fish.  
 One turkey, or two poult. Blanc-mange.  
 Mock-turtle soup. Sweetbreads  
 Harico. larded.



|                      |                                  |                 |
|----------------------|----------------------------------|-----------------|
| Mash turnips.        | Jerusalem artichokes fricasseed. | Stewed spinach. |
| Carrots thick round. |                                  | Dried salmon,   |
| Cray fish.           | Savory cake.                     | in papers.      |
|                      | Macaroni pudding.                |                 |
| Ham bruised.         | Trifle.                          | Chickens.       |
|                      | French pie.                      |                 |
| Casserole of rice,   | Stewed celery.                   | Picked crab.    |
| with giblets.        |                                  | Ox rump and     |
| Fricandeau.          | Apple-pie and custard.           | Spanish onions. |
| Jelly form.          | Rich white soup.                 | Cheesecakes.    |
|                      | Fish.                            |                 |

(Remove—Venison, or loin of veal.)

It is now time to close the present article, for the length of which, nothing but the extreme importance of the subject can atone. With a trembling pen I have ventured to touch upon the science of luxurious eating, of which, it must be confessed, my knowledge is derived rather from theory than practice, and in which, therefore, it is highly probable I have committed some mistakes. Shades of Apicius, Darteneuf, and Quin, forgive me if I have errèd! Our journey, gentle reader, has been through a delightful country, recalling to our recollection the juvenile tale of Miranda, or, the Royal Ram; inasmuch as we are credibly informed, that the air within the blissful domains of that woolly potentate, was darkened with showers of tarts and cheese-cakes. Let me entreat thee to repair, without loss of time, to the shop of Mr. John Murray, of Fleet-street, where for seven shillings and sixpence, thou mayest purchase the work of which I have furnished thee with a sort of hashed analysis. Then, if thou art a man of taste, thou wilt order a dainty repast, after the fashion of one of those enumerated within the precincts of pages 312 and 320; and then when thy envious covers are snatched off by a skilful domestic, and a steam ascends which might gratify the nose of Jove himself, and make him lean from Olympus to smell, I hope thou wilt, as in duty bound, exclaim in the words of the pious King Cymbeline—

“Laud we the Gods,  
And let the crooked smoke climb to their nostrils  
From our blest altars!”

## EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,

FOR APRIL, 1822.

His Majesty, whom we are concerned to hear, has not latterly enjoyed his usual health (though we congratulate ourselves and the public that it is now rapidly improving,) came to Carlton-palace from the Pavillion, Brighton, on Wednesday, the nineteenth of last month, in time to dress for dinner; which was attended by a small select party, who had previously received the honour of an invitation.—On the following Friday, the King held a levee, which was most numerously attended, and several presentations took place; at one time we noticed the line of carriages to extend as far as half way down New Bond-street, in unbroken succession. A number of elegant vehicles were launched on the occasion; amongst these latter, was that of the new-appointed French Ambassador, Viscount Chateaubriand, followed by his suite in two carriages. The Earl of Grosvenor also came in state, as did the great Civic officers. The celebration of his Majesty's birth-day, as appointed on the festival of St. George, was observed with the usual ceremonies and rejoicings; standards and flags were hoisted, and the vessels in the river made a gay appearance with their pendants, &c. The bands of the three regiments of guards appeared on the Parade of St. James's-park, in full uniform, and marched to the Palace-yard to relieve the soldiers on duty with their respective companies; where they performed some of the most popular national airs in grand style. The King's drawing-room was more thronged with beauty, rank, and fashion, than we have noticed for some years past, and it was at an unusually late hour before Buckingham-house was cleared of its brilliant assemblage. His Majesty appeared in high spirits, and delighted all around him by his ease and condescension. We are led to expect that several fêtes will be given by the Sovereign during his stay in town, when the ladies are to appear in dresses and trimmings of British manufacture; we have seen some in preparation, of the most tasteful and novel description, which will give a new cast to the fashions, and of course promote the interest of trade. Easter-Monday

was observed as usual; the Lord Mayor attending the Spital sermon, and receiving the annual accounts of Christ-church, Bridewell, Bethlem, and Bartholomew's hospitals; the usual procession of the Christ-church and Bridewell boys, to the number of seven hundred, took place to the Mansion-house, in the various classes; the King's boys carrying their quadrants, &c. They were examined as to their progress by his Lordship, when each boy received a small gratuity according to his merit, accompanied by a glass of wine and a bun: their appearance was very healthy and prepossessing.

We are sorry to state that the intelligence from some of our own counties is by no means favorable to the general interest of the kingdom as to precedent, particularly Staffordshire and Suffolk. In the former, seven thousand colliers rose on account of the lowering of their wages, a measure, it appears, that the proprietors of the mines have found indispensable, to enable them to maintain a competition with foreign traders. The men proceeded to several acts of violence, but dispersed on the military being called out, and order was restored; several of them, however, still refuse to work, and much murmuring and discontent prevail. In the latter county, affairs are still worse, for the agricultural distress and failure of the farmers are aggravated by the burning of hay and corn ricks, out-houses, &c. by nocturnal incendiaries, and the destruction of their patent ploughs and drills. The Duke of Grafton, as Lord Lieutenant of the county, has convened a meeting to take into immediate consideration the alarming subject, and the measures necessary to be put in force to restore tranquillity, and deter the misguided people from pursuing such a dreadful system. As a counterbalance to these distressing evils, we feel a satisfaction in announcing that the scenes of horror which have for some months past aggrrieved the sister kingdom, are now rapidly vanishing, and we trust, they will shortly be succeeded by others of a more pleasing nature. Eleven of the principal ringleaders have been secured, a number of arms seized, and, what is still better, a larger quantity has been made a voluntary surrender to the Irish government by their late illegal possessors, who have returned to their duty and respective occupations.

Foreign Affairs.—The Parisian papers, wearied out at length with their perpetual speculations concerning the affairs of



Turkey, have started a new subject: an article from Frankfort states, on the authority of a letter from Hamburg, that important and momentous negotiations are now in progress between the courts of Great Britain and Denmark, having for their object no less a point than exchanging the kingdom of Hanover for Zealand, Funen, and the Peninsula of Jutland, as far as the river Eider, in order to counterbalance the designs of Russia on Turkey. This letter observes that it is the policy of England to oppose with all possible energy a war that would have for its ultimate object the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and the occupation of the straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles by the Russians. Another object stated to be in the contemplation of the British Cabinet is, that in case all means should fail to prevent the invasion of Turkey by the Russians, to execute the long meditated project of taking possession, with the concurrence of Denmark, of the Danish Isles, in order to secure the Sound and the two Belts. It is observed that such an arrangement would close all egress from the Baltic sea into the Ocean, and subject the maritime intercourse and commerce of Russia and Prussia to an entire dependance on the Court of England. It is also added that in case the cession takes place, Great Britain will undertake to pay the public debt of Denmark, which is very considerable. Some obstacles however appear to present themselves to this scheme, when we consider the low state of the British finances, and we think the ceding of Hanover to any foreign power is very doubtful, after such immense sums as it has cost England to retain its possession, and the affection expressed by his present Majesty for his loyal Hanoverian subjects, when he visited the birth-place of his ancestors last summer. One important circumstance is, however, said to reconcile the King to this step—the probability of the separation of Hanover from the crown of England, should the latter devolve to a female. The most contradictory reports are in the meanwhile circulated respecting the Greek and Turkish fleets, and we look with impatience to news from an authentic source.

The French Chamber of Deputies are busily engaged in discussing the various articles of the Budget; in the last sitting a very spirited debate took place concerning the arbitrary custom of opening letters at the Post-office. M. Girardin

condemned the practice as a criminal violation of all confidence, and the cause of the diminution of the revenue of the Post-office, few persons caring to have the most innocent or domestic correspondence thus exposed. The minister, Villele, in reply, admitted the hardships of the present system, as far as it related to individuals; but contended that the interest of the nation, as a paramount cause, effectually justified it, and no alteration could take place at present.

The latest accounts from Spain are more flattering as to the tranquillity of that kingdom. Two important notices had, however, been given in the Cortes by a Deputy named Velasco, the one for abolishing a system of extortion practised on the peasantry in various parts of the nation, under pretext of obtaining means of defraying the expences of certain festivals in honor of the Saints; the other for expurgating some passages in what may be termed, as we suppose, the Spanish Prayer-book, in which the Pope is acknowledged the liege Lord of all the Potentates upon earth, and authorised at his pleasure to prevent their subjects paying the allegiance due to them. This latter will prove a trying question: it will compel the enemies of the Sovereign and the people's rights to display themselves in their true colors. The Deputy who proposes these measures is himself an ecclesiastic, and the rector of St. Jago, at Madrid; and we must give him credit for a liberal and enlightened understanding.

As a concluding sentence, we may remark, that to learn news of home we must seek abroad: the foreign journals abound with remarks on the preparations for the reception of our Sovereign's (the King of England) intended visit to the Continent. His Majesty, it is said, will visit Cologne, &c. and then cross the Rhine to inspect the fortress of Ebreubenstein, make a short stay at Wiesbaden and Frankfort, and various other places. This route will afford the King an opportunity of paying his fraternal regards to his royal sisters of Wurtemberg and Homberg. He will then cross the Danube, and proceed to Munich. It is said, that his Majesty has a desire to stop at the fine city of Lentz, and at the noble convent of Molk, and to view the Gothic ruin in which our first Richard was confined. The preparations of the Emperor of Austria, at Vienna, on this occasion, are said to be magnificent; all the inferior kings and petty princes are to assist at the banquets. His Majesty has promised to visit the prin-

cipality of Esterhazy, in Hungary, and to return by way of Prague, Toplitz, and Dresden, from thence to Berlin, and to take Hanover in his way home.

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### THE DRAMA.

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THE number of minor theatres with which the metropolis abounds, however conducive to the amusement of the public, must be detrimental to the interests of the proprietors themselves, particularly when so many open their doors at the same season. In addition to which much complaint has also been made as to the encroachments of the principal establishments on the former. No one can dispute the legal right of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden to perform all the year round, if they think proper; but it cannot be advisable in a pecuniary way to do so; on the contrary, when we consider the vast expence attending on each night's representation, it must be rather a losing concern at a period when the fashionable world is from town. We understand, that at the suggestion and amiable interference of his Grace the Duke of Montrose, (the new Lord Chamberlain) a compromise has been entered into, by which that nursery of real dramatic talent, the Haymarket Theatre, is to have a clear season of five months, and that of the English Opera-house, four. The Adelphi, and other minor places of amusement, remain as usual, according to their various patents.

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#### THE KING'S THEATRE

BOASTS an elegant and crowded audience on each opera night; but the only novelty of the past has been an interesting production in two acts, called "Le Ducca il Pretedeni Illusi," by a celebrated composer from Switzerland. The plot is romantic, but simple, and merely a vehicle to introduce the airs, duets, &c. which are extremely pretty, and much admired by musical amateurs.

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#### DRURY-LANE THEATRE

HAS set the good example of reviving several legitimate pieces of sterling merit. Kean has delighted us by the able



manner with which he represented Osmond, in Lewis's *Castle Spectre*. It appears to us a part admirably adapted to his peculiar talents of exhibiting the tragic effects of ungoverned passion. Amongst the comedies, we notice with pleasure *The Road to Ruin*, *The Suspicious Husband*, *The Provoked Husband*, *The Poor Gentleman*, and Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, in which a Miss Grimani, from the Belfast Theatre, made her *début* on the London boards. This lady appears well versed in the duties of her profession, and trod the stage with unembarrassed ease. Her person is rather above the middle height, her deportment elegant, and her movements have in them a dignity tempered with modesty. These amiable requisites procured her a flattering reception, and we predict that she will be a favorite with the public. Miss Grimani pleased us more in the graver parts of *Lady Teazle* than in the more light and playful ones; her exposure and acknowledgment of the views of the hypocrite, *Joseph Surface*, was inimitable: on the whole it was a very creditable performance. According to ancient custom, a new and splendid afterpiece followed the tragedy of *George Barnwell*, called *Almorán and Hamet*, which is less absurd than these productions of fairy origin usually are. Mr. Cooper was *Ismael*, and Miss Povey a most pleasing *Zandani*; we have seldom seen this young lady to equal advantage. The scenery is exquisitely beautiful, particularly the harem and seraglio, and magic vision. We announce with peculiar pleasure, that Mr. Braham is re-engaged at this theatre.

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#### COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

MR. YOUNG having returned from a professional tour, has re-appeared at this house in the arduous character of *Macbeth*, which he gave with great and effective truth and excellence. Mrs. Faucit was his ambitious, persevering lady; we are willing to allow this excellent actress all due merit, and admit that she shewed strong powers in the sleep-walking scene, and was honored with bursts of applause, but it was from those of the audience who never had the advantage of witnessing the superior abilities of a Siddons, or an O'Neil. The Easter spectacle here, as well as that of its neighbor, was founded on magic and illusion, from the well-

known nursery-tale, Cherry and Fair-Star, or, The Children of Cyprus. Grimaldi made his appearance in the grotesque character of Tapac, with his usual facetiousness; but the part is by far too confined for a full display of his risible powers, and the holiday people wished for more of the company of their favorite. Miss Foote, as Fair-Star, and Mrs. Vining, as Cherry, delighted the audience with a most tasteful and appropriate dance. The Avis Grove is as novel as beautiful, and presents to the eye numerous birds varying in size and plumage, constantly in motion,—the tower of illusion,—and the burning forest, are among the best scenes; but the one that bears the pre-eminence is the entrance of the Grecian Galley into the harbor of Cyprus. Cherry and Fair-Star were greeted with lively applause by a numerous audience, and still continue very attractive in their nightly appearance.

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#### THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

MONS. ALEXANDRIE, the unrivalled ventriloquist and professor of Ubiloquism, has engaged this theatre for a certain time during its recess, as the scene of his own singular performances. He has formed a sort of drama, as the vehicle of his wonderful talents; which consists of a young couple, most romantically, or, as he terms it, over head and ears, in love with each other, a cross maiden aunt, a gouty hypochondriac old alderman, and his too-affectionate spouse, who is cramming him with medicines and kitchen physic in such quantities, and so indiscriminately, that the poor man is in literal danger of being killed by too much kindness, and a knavish servant, who, as a sort of go-between, plays the rogue with all parties, and affords a satirical, but not less useful hint on the degrading absurdity of making such confidants. In addition to the several voices by which this gentleman characterizes the above supposed personages, he gives the sounds of sawing a piece of wood in twain, chopping it, striking a light, blowing the fire, frying an omelet, and other indications of culinary din and bustle; and has the satisfaction to dismiss his audience on every night of performance in good humor and high spirits, and not the least wearied with attending to the sole exertions of one individual for their amusement nearly four hours.

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*Fashionable Walking & Evening Dresses for May*

*The Dresses invented by Miss Porpoise, Edward Street, Portman Square.  
The Hat by Miss Penderell, 42 South Molton Street.*

*Ed. Kn. & Co. by Duns & Munday, Devonshire Street.*

THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR MAY, 1822.

WALKING DRESS.

COMPOSED of chocolate-colored *gros de Naples*, embroidered round the cape and down the front with white satin; the bottom trimmed with the same material placed zig-zag, with narrow pipings surmounted by a wadded tuck.

New invented Peruvian hat, trimmed with broad sarsnet riband, with a bow 'in front; and tied under the chin with the same.—We are indebted for the description of this most elegant hat to MISS PANDRELL, South Molton-street.

EVENING DRESS.

Low body of rich white satin, ornamented with narrow festooned straps of pink satin, confined by short loops of the same; full sleeves gathered in narrow pipings to the arm.—The skirt composed of clear muslin, worn over a white satin slip.—The border of the dress richly embroidered in fanciful needle-work, of a vandyke pattern, and finished with a running border of the same, placed just above the hem. With this dress is worn a sash of muslin cut broad towards the ends, and completed with a full trimming of broad lace.

The above elegant dress was furnished by MISS PIERPOINT, of 12, Edward-street, Portman-square, the inventress of the *Corset à la Grecque*.

## GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

## MORNING DRESS

Composed of muslin, made round; the bottom ornamented with a bell trimming made of muslin, and trimmed round with an insection and scollop work. The body high, open behind, and an insection let in from the shoulder in a stomacher, with full muslin between. A collar to fall down over the back and shoulders in a point, and two pointed epaulets, which form three points on each shoulder, trimmed round with scollops; the sleeve cut in points up each side of the arm, each point meeting with a cord and tassel, and trimmed round with scollop, the diamonds left being filled up with full muslin.

## WALKING DRESS

Of a light French chocolate figured *gros de Naples*, ornamented at the bottom with two *rouleaux* in a wave, and each vacancy filled with full plaitings of *gros de Naples*, bound with satin. The body high, fastened behind with riband bows. The sleeve tight, and a cuff turned back on each side, with folds of satin, and a piece up the arm to match.

The most fashionable spencer is made of a French pomona green, (called the waistcoat spencer,) having a white silk waistcoat within; and a very new and elegant collar of the same, with a quite new trimming round, which has a very elegant effect.

The newest

## EVENING DRESS

is composed of a primrose gauze embroidered round the bottom, intermixed with yellow roses. A Brunswick body, made of satin of the same color, corded up the seams, and laced with silk cord, and a new and fashionable jacket, (not cut separate from the body) completely round the waist.



We have taken the foregoing description from the patterns exhibited to us, in MRS. BLUNDELL'S fashionable saloon, No. 9, Ludgate-street.

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### THE PARISIAN TOILET.

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THE wedding-dress of a Prussian princess, made by a distinguished milliner in Paris, has lately been the theme of general praise. In a future number we hope to be able to give a description of it. It may be noted here, however, that by express command, there were neither gold, silver, nor steel ornaments used in making these robes; which, consequently, were admirably set off by a profusion of pearls, flowers, and feathers.—The two latter were used as trimmings.

Violet, or lilac of a light hue, seems to be the favorite color for taffeta or *gros de Naples*' robes. Almost all these are buttoned behind a *la pelerine*. The bee-hive, with double heads, is generally used in trimming these dresses; but some have a small collar, half thrown back, so as to exhibit draperies on the neck and bosom, like dresses divested of collars.

Pelisses are made to fasten with small straps or bands of the same stuff as the robes; these are bordered with colors, and are fastened with laced buttons. There are some pelisses of white Merino, the straps of which are trimmed with *gros de Naples* made into roses. Some ladies wear at their waists a steel button cut diamond fashion, instead of the oblong buckle formerly in use.

Small handkerchiefs and scarfs, embroidered with gold, are very much worn by the rich. This embroidery consists of broken bars, one half of which are of polished, and the other half of dead gold.

Of the new stuffs lately introduced for making bonnets, the most expensive is formed of the bark of an East Indian tree. It looks like raw cambric, and is not dyed. A plain bonnet of this sort with trimmings and flowers costs about ten pounds.

Another new stuff very much sought after is a striped or ribbed gauze, which has been watered. This is either rose, citron, or blue, and is usually lined with crape of the same colors.

Round hats are made of willow, in imitation of straw plait; small pieces of whalebone being used to give them support. These are called *osier valiene*.

Leghorn hats are much more shaded with flat and waving ostrich feathers than adorned with flowers. On a small number of gauze bonnets and small dress hats are to be seen rosettes of gauze, which resemble natural roses.—A hat of *gros de Naples* unites the two colors of chamois and blue.

Veils of gauze *brockle*, though not so much worn as last year, are still in fashion.—The *barbes* which are substituted for ribands to fasten hats under the chin, are generally rounded off in festoons; but some of them are oval. These *barbes* vary in color, as rose and yellow. At first they were all trimmed with blonde, but are now edged with colored riband.

#### PROMENADE DRESS.

In the public places, last week, we observed great numbers of black hats with white feathers. Caps (*de cornettes*,) were universally worn under these.

The fashionable colors, both for Merinos and silk stuffs, are, logwood, clear brown, peach-blossom, and greenish yellow. Ruffle gloves are all the *ton*.

THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

♦  
VARIETY;

A TALE FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

*Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.*

MARTIAL.

I can't live with you, nor without you.

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A GENTLE maid of rural breeding,
By nature first, and then by reading,
Was filled with all those soft sensations
Which we restrain in near relations,
Lest future husbands should be jealous,
And think their wives too fond of fellows.
The morning sun beheld her rove
A nymph, or goddess of the grove ;
At eve she pac'd the dewy lawn,
And call'd each clown she saw, a faun :
Then scudding homeward, lock'd her door,
And turn'd some copious volume o'er.
For much she read, and chiefly those
Great authors, who in verse or prose,
Or something betwixt both, unwind
The secret springs which move the mind.
These much she read, and thought she knew
The human heart's minutest clue ;
Yet shrewd observers still declare,
(To show how shrewd observers are)
'Tho' plays, which breath'd heroic flame,
And novels, in profusion, came,
Imported fresh and fresh, from France,
She only read the heart's romance.

The world, no doubt, was well enough,
To smooth the manners of the rough,

Might please the giddy and the vain,
 Those tinsell'd slaves of folly's train;
 But, for her part, the truest taste
 She found was in retirement plac'd;
 Where, as in verse, it sweetly flows,
 "On every thorn instruction grows."
 Not that she wish'd to "be alone,"
 As some affected prudes have done;
 She knew it was decreed on high,
 We should "increase and multiply;"
 And, therefore, if kind Fate would grant
 Her fondest wish, her only want!—
 A cottage with the man she lov'd,
 Was what her gentle heart approv'd;
 In some delightful solitude,
 Where step prophane might ne'er intrude;
 But Hymen guard the sacred ground,
 And virtuous Cupids hover round,
 Not such as flutter on a fan
 Round Crete's vile bull, or Leda's swan,
 (Who scatter myrtles, scatter roses,
 And hold their fingers to their noses,)
 But simp'ring, mild, and innocent,
 As angels on a monument.

Fate heard her pray'r; a lover came,
 Who felt, like her, th' innoxious flame;
 One who had trod, as well as she,
 The flow'ry paths of poesy,
 Had warm'd himself with Milton's heat,
 Could every line of Pope repeat,
 Or chaunt in Shenstone's tender strains,
 "The Lover's Hopes," "The Lover's Pains."
 Attentive to the charmer's tongue,
 With *him* she thought no evening long;
 With *him* she saunter'd half the day;
 And sometimes in a laughing way,
 Ran o'er the catalogue by rote
 Of who might marry, and who not.
 "Consider, sir, we're near relations"—
 "I hope so in our inclinations."
 In short, she look'd, she blush'd consent;
 He grasp'd her hand, to church they went;

And every matron that was there,
With tongue so voluble and supple,
Said, for her part, she must declare,
She never saw a fairer couple.
O halcyon days! 'twas nature's reign,
'Twas Tempe's vale, and Arno's plain.
The fields assum'd unusual bloom,
And ev'ry Zephyr breath'd perfume.
The laughing sun with genial beams
Danc'd lightly on th' exulting streams;
And the pale regent of the night,
In dewy softness shed delight!
'Twas transport not to be express'd—
'Twas Paradise!—But mark the rest:—
Two smiling springs had wak'd the flowers,
That paint the meads, or fringe the bow'rs—
(Ye lovers, lend your wond'ring ears,
Who count by months, and not by years)—
Two smiling Springs had chaplets wove,
To crown their solitude and love;
When, lo! they find, they can't tell how,
Their walks are not so pleasant now.
The seasons sure were chang'd; the place
Had somehow got a different face.
Some blast had struck the cheerful scene;
The lawns, the wood, were not so green,
The purling rill which murmur'd by,
And once was liquid harmony,
Became a sluggish, reedy pool;
The days grew hot, the evenings cool.
The moon, with all her starry train,
Was melancholy's silent reign;
And then the tedious winter night—
They could not read by candle light.
Full oft unknowing why they did,
They call'd in adventitious aid—
A faithful fav'rite dog ('twas thus
With Tobit and Telemachus)
Amus'd their steps; and for awhile
They view'd his gambols with a smile;
The kitten too was comical;
She play'd so so oddly with her tail,
Or in the glass was pleas'd to find
Another cat, and peep'd behind.

A courteous neighbour at the door
Was deem'd obtrusive noise no more;
For rural visits, now and then,
Are right, as men must live with men.
Then cousin Jenny, fresh from town,
A new recruit, a dear delight!
Made many a heavy hour go down,
At morn, at noon, at eve, at night.
Sure they could hear her jest for eves,
She was so sprightly and so clever!
Yet neighbors were not quite the thing;
What joy, alas! could converse bring,
With awkward creatures bred at home—
The dog grew dull, or troublesome.
The cat had spoil'd the kitten's merit,
And with her youth had lost her spirit.
And jokes, repeated o'er and o'er,
Had quite exhausted Jenny's store.
"And then, my dear, I can't abide
This always sauntering side by side."
"Enough," he cries, "the reason's plain,
For causes never rack your brain,
Our neighbours are like other folks;
Skip's playful tricks, and Jenny's jokes,
Are still delightful, still would please
Were we, my dear, ourselves at ease.
Look round, with an impartial eye,
On yonder fields, on yonder sky,
The azure cope, the flow'rs below,
With all their wonted colors glow;
The rill still murmurs, and the moon
Shines, as she did, a softer sun.
No change has made the seasons fail,
No comet brush'd us with his tail.
The scene's the same, the same, the weather—
We live, my dear, too much together."

Agreed. A rich old uncle dies,
And added wealth the means supplies,
With eager haste to town they flew,
Where all must please, for all was new.

But here, by strict poetic laws,
Description claims its proper pause.

The rosy morn had rais'd her head
From old 'Tithonus' saffron bed,
And embryo sunbeams from the east,
Half chok'd, were struggling through the mist,
When forth advanc'd the gilded chaise;
The village crowded round to gaze.
The pert postilion now promoted
From driving plough, and neatly booted,
His jacket, cap, and boldric on,
(As greater folks than he have done)
Look'd round, and with a coxcomb air,
Smack'd loud his lash. The happy pair
Bow graceful, from a separate door,
And Jenny from the stool before.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE WANDERING DOCTOR.

By T. B. G.

HE said his name was Dr. Toggs, M. D.
His sire a new divine, and he himself
A beautiful physician: one that heal'd
All mortal maladies in cows or men.
In one good precious lady, rest her bones!
He cur'd, he said, ten fevers and a corn.
And then she talk most charmingly, by dipt
Of science, art, and excellent good snuff.
He cur'd a tinker of an apoplexy,
Who thrash'd him when he'd done; an ugly youth!
He thump'd the doctor for the cure he wrought;
Yea, bang'd him with a broken warming pan.
Such was his great misfortune. He had read,
And doctor'd far and wide, till not Apollo,
Nor Mars, nor Bacchus, nor Virorum either,
Were half so great physicians as himself,
Aminadab Job Toggs! for, "Please the pigs,"
(Such was the doctor's phraseology)
He'd cure, he said, ten patients for a pound,
And charge them nothing more, except for drugs
And due attendance. He could preach moreover,

And do a deal of good, and he could mend
Shoes gratis, upon reasonable terms.
Yet were his own poor feet in vile array,
Each great toe peeping, with a rosy face,
Out of his way-worn slipper. Bless the man!
He made me moralize amazingly.

Where the road parts, we parted, and forsooth,
We parted with abundance of good will,
And multitudinous exchange of bows,
E'en to the very ground. He to the right,
Bore proudly onward; devious to the left,
I slowly took my desultory way.

SONG.

By MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

MIRA's eyes are like the dew
That in the May-morn's chalice dances,
Bright reflecting Heav'n own hue,
And glossing gay the day-star's glances!

Mira's lips as richly glow,
So sweet's the frequent smile that moves them—
As Summer pinks wave to and fro
By many a breeze that fondly loves them!

Mira's voice is soft and clear,
As silver rills, o'er mosses sliding;
When livelier tun'd it strikes the ear,
Like those check'd rills round pebbles chiding:

Mira's eyes might float in light—
Mira's lips breathe breath of roses—
Mira's voice the ear invite
To drink the nectar sound discloses—

Did not love, her eye's sweet fire,
And her cheek's warm blushes heighten;
Did not half those charms expire,
When he's not by, for whom they brighten!

This nice heart they'd vainly woo,
Did crowds their utmost power discover;
But now, eyes, lips, and accents too,
Grow loveliest only for their lover!

ADDRESS

TO THE FIRST OF APRIL LAST—A VERY COLD DAY.

THERE's some mistake, my *gentle* friend,
This never can be you;
March surely has not reach'd his end;—
Thou mak'st our noses blue.

Thou peltest fast with icy show'r,
Which surely cannot please one;
The wind too has such boist'rous pow'r,
'Tis quite enough to freeze one.

There's some mistake, I say again;
Oh! now I seem to see,
This is some plan, 'tis very plain,
Betwixt old March and thee.

You took his place, and it was warm,
Aye, warm enough to parch;
And now appears, with sleet and storm,
That chilling fellow, March.

J. M. LACEY.

PATIENCE.

WHEN as through life our weary steps we bend,
Let us not shrink when beating show'rs descend;
Still let Religion hold unrivall'd sway,
And Patience walk companion of our way.

Oh! lose not sight of that celestial shore,
Where blissful bowers shall friends to friends restore;
Though here misfortunes come to blast our will,
The Heav'ns are just, and God a Father still.

CHARADE.

HEAV'N protect every reader from knowing my first;
 It is that which of evils is surely the worst.
 My second, most people desire to attain,
 Though 'tis oft-times attended with sorrow and pain.
 Should my first on my second be found to attend,
 'Tis a climax of woe to embitter life's end.
 My whole is the name of an old English town,
 Which gave birth to a king of the greatest renown. N.

Marriages.

At Brampton, Thomas Gee, esq. of Boston, to Anne, daughter of the rev. N.T.O. Leman, of Brampton-hall, Suffolk.—William Everard, esq. third son of Ed. Everard, esq. of Middleton, Norfolk, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late A. Bowker, esq. of Lynn.—At Oakham, Mr. Thomas Hibbett, son of Mr. Hibbert, of Whitwell lodge, to Susanna, daughter of Mr. T. Cole, of Oakham.—At Burwell, John Imlove, esq. jun. of Walsgate, to Mrs. Hobson, relict of the late Fred. Hobson, esq.—Mr. John Murray Galbraith, of Hull, to Charlotte, daughter of Mr. Wimberly, of Doncaster.—At St. Andrew's, Holborn, Mr. E. Wilkinson, of Gray's inn, to Anne Eliz. Sacherverell, only daughter of the late Lieu. Col. Newton, of Buldwell-house.—George Brown, esq. of Liverpool, to Agnes, third daughter of J. W. Gross, esq. of Walthamstow.—The hon. Capt. P. B. Pellew, M. P. to G. J. Dick, daughter of M. Dick, esq. of Richmond.—At Hulton Chapel, Runcorn, by special license, Sir James Miller, bart. to Mary, daughter of the late Sir R. Brooke, bart.—At Stanstead, Essex, Mr. Trollope, to Mary, daughter of the late rev. I. Canning.—At St. Pancras, W. Stephens, esq. of Verulam-buildings, to Miss Mary Ann Young, of Barton-crescent.

Deaths.

Mrs. Eleanor Gordon, of Leasingham. Francis Beaty, esq. purser R. N. Mary, daughter of the late Wm. Sims, esq. of Gedney. After a few hours' illness, at Wymondham, Miss Alice Hall, aged 15. At Tydd, St. Mary's, after a long illness, James, eldest son of W. Stranger, esq. aged 19. Rev. John Williams, M. A. Rector of East Tisted, Hants. Mrs. S. Smith, Whittlesea.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following communications are received—L.—W. R.—J. Newton,—Oxonienensis,—G. D. L.—Fragments,—The Warrior,—Stanzas on Spring,—To the Woodlark,—Quiz,—Olivia,—**,—Z.—*Burstead,—Invitation to L.—The Sisters,—Amicus,—Song,—Verses to Anne.

We have received a packet from Ora, and are pleased with the specimen she has sent us.

If Genevieve will send to Threadneedle-street, or give her address, she shall be supplied with what she requires. Her letter was received too late for a reply.

We shall be obliged to Amira for the continuation of her favor which was forwarded to us last November.

The request of G. H. will be complied with next month.

We thank William for his friendly information.

We are much pleased with the Essay of R.





Painted by Miss Drummond.

Engraved by H. Smith.

Miss Grimani.

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